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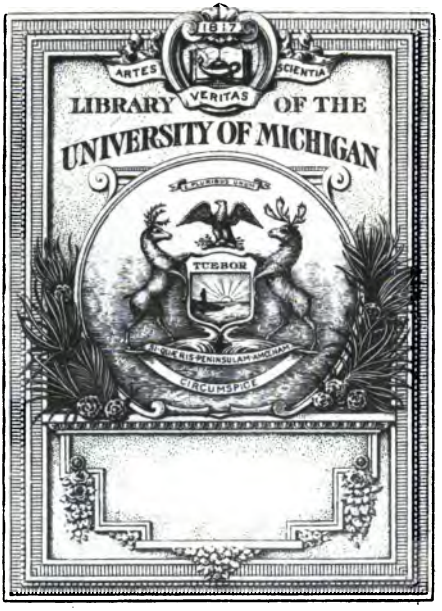

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OBSERVATIONS

ON

BUONAPARTE'S SPEECH

TO THE

LEGISLATIVE BODY.

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LEGISLATIVE BODY,

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OBSERVATIONS

ON

BUONAPARTE'S SPEECH.

THE celebrated Hume, in his History of England, expresses his astonishment at the extraordinary imbecility of Cromwell's Speeches—at "their "obscurity, tediousness, and utter insipidity." Whatever he might think of Buonaparté's, he certainly could not tax them with obscurity. Assuredly, they announce all the secrets of the Tyrant's soul; but those secrets issue from it enveloped in a diction so puerile and grovelling, that all the difference between the flatness charged on Cromwell, and that which marks the speeches of Buonaparté, is simply this:—the former sought to render his designs impenetrable (hence his confused and unintelligible elocution), while the lat-

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ter, restrained by no wish to conceal his object, speaks his natural language; and this language is that of a mean upstart, who strives to adapt to his elevated rank the cockney idiom in which he was born and educated.

"Since your last Session," says he, "new wars, "new triumphs, and new treaties of peace, have "changed the face of Europe."

In truth, a war most atrocious, most unjust, on the side of Buonaparté, has punished one of the destroyers of the independence of Europe, by the very hand of him to whom he sacrificed his honour, his country, his family, and his people! Buonaparté has destroyed the destroyer of his enemies. The crime was consummated; the instrument was to be broken and thrown aside; and he has been so, with every mark of insolence and contempt! This circumstance has, indeed, "changed the face of Europe." It has spread over the North of it that political dissolution which had previously taken place in the South; and treaties of peace have put the finishing hand to the work of war! The Treaty of Tilsit has done for Russia what that of Basle did for Prussia; it has degraded her in her own eyes, and in those of Europe: it has blasted that Empire with the friendship and the alliance of the Tyrant! The first stroke of the passing-bell has sounded for

Russia at Tilsit, as it once sounded for Prussia at Basle. To expire in agonies, like her, she has only to add to her error that inveterate, that stupid obstinacy which, since the fatal 1795, has signalized the Court of Berlin.

" If the House of Brandenburgh, which was " the first to conspire against our independence, " still reigns, she owes it to the sincere friendship " with which the powerful *Emperor of the North* " has inspired me."

Væ Victis! These are the rights of Buonaparté; and this is the excuse for the silence of the King of Prussia, at reading this coarse, this stupid, this absurd calumny!

If Prussia had conspired, with the rest of Europe, against what Buonaparté calls the independence of France, the King of Prussia would then have done what Frederick II would have been sure to do; and, imitating this great Prince, he would be still on a throne which he would owe to his virtues, and not to the insulting pity of Buonaparté!

And what is it that Buonaparté terms the independence of France? Unfortunately, Europe, at present, knows but too well. In vain was it predicted, in vain was it proclaimed in every State; the populace of the Continent was persuaded; but to make an impression on the understanding of its

Ministers, it was necessary to flay them alive! This Buonaparté has effectually done; and they now begin to comprehend the nature of the independence which he wishes to preserve! This late and steril conviction brings, it is true, no alleviation of the evil with it; but may serve, at least, to shew posterity what intense, what impenetrable stupidity environed those Cabinets of Europe, once so famous, and which cowardice, egotism, rapacity, and terror, had now changed, as Circe metamorphosed and brutified, of old, those whom she wished to render the blind instruments of her pleasure!

Prussia conspire against the independence of France! Ten years since, it was the height of folly not to have done so; but it would have been madness, incurable madness, to dream of such an undertaking in 1806, after having assisted France in enslaving the rest of Europe. It would have been incurable madness, because such a scheme was no longer possible. In 1806, Prussia, driven to the verge of ruin, and dishonoured by the infamous Treaties of Monsieur de Haugwitz; already deprived of the Margraviates of Anspach and Baden, and the Duchies of Cleves and Juliers; compelled, by way of indemnifying herself, to partake of the iniquitous robberies of Buonaparté, and lay her hands upon the patrimony of her best Ally;

Prussia, I say, made, at length, the fatal discovery that Buonaparté was sick of her partnership, and weary of her forbearance; and that, to free himself from the tediousness of her complaints, and the insipidity of her reproaches, he was preparing to devour her. Then, indeed, and not till then, she sought to secure her independence, and protect herself from the ruthless fangs of the tiger, whom her persevering complaisance alone had nursed to maturity! This is what Buonaparté calls conspiring against his independence! and, alas! he is right. It is Europe that has lost its senses; it is Europe that is over-run with cowards, and fools, and madmen, in that class which, by its honours and employments, is destined to direct the policy of Empires! Buonaparté, the creature of the Revolution and of War, placed on the first Throne of the world, and at the head of a people vain and irascible above all others, a stranger to that nation, which has never yet been able to endure the dominion of a stranger, knows well—that the sword of Damocles hangs over him, and that millions of men burn with the fiercest desire to see it fall and bury itself in his heart! He knows, that, in the Country which he pollutes with his presence and his power, a single moment is sufficient to sever the hair which suspends the steel of justice over his guilty head. He knows that for every French-

real peace, would burst her fetters: and yet you would ask of Buonaparté a real, an honourable peace! Was there ever seen such an instance of madness? Was there ever heard a request so childish and absurd? To ask a solid and permanent peace of Buonaparté is to supplicate him to plunge a dagger into his own heart. If he seems determined to refuse this blessing to Europe, it must be allowed, that his obstinacy of denial, however distressing it may be, is not without some excuse.

What, however, is without the slightest shadow of an excuse, is the more than diabolical obstinacy with which the Ministers of the Continent persist in pressing upon Buonaparté their paltry, their pitiful Notes. I am well convinced, that he considers the necessity of reading them as the sole hostility which he has to apprehend from such a whining and despicable crew.

Unhappy Kings of this age, Buonaparté wishes to DESTROY YOU MORALLY AND PHYSICALLY! He wishes to DESTROY you! When he sheathes the sword, it is only because he has left in your dominions the venom of a Peace which necessitates your ruin. When, at length, you perceive that he has forced upon you the poisoned cup, and that his friendship is rapidly effecting your destruction, you are then desirous of defending yourselves; and this is the moment which he selects to tell you, that

you have " conspired against his independence!" This appears astonishing to you—to you who, so long enslaved, now supplicate for nothing but chains somewhat less ponderous—but it appears astonishing to you alone. In France it is no secret, that the independence of Buonaparté has your slavery for its basis, and his existence your ruin.

This, I presume, sufficiently explains the purport of those fantastic and ridiculous phrases in which Buonaparté accuses the most submissive of his accomplices of " conspiring against his in-
" dependence!"

" If the House of Brandenburgh still reigns,
" she owes it to the sincere friendship with
" which the powerful Emperor of the North
" has inspired me."

No person in Europe believes that Buonaparté's Counsellors are deficient in sagacity and depth of understanding. As for himself, none, surely, will accuse him of wanting either ambition or pertinacity; none suspect him of being restrained in his politics by any nice examination of the morality of the means which he employs; this, I apprehend, is all that is required to domineer over the Continent.

The article which I have just transcribed, is one of those tremendous chef-d'œuvres fabricated in the

Cabinet of the Tyrant. It is not possible (for we wish to be just) to comprehend more circumstances in fewer words, or to combine more terrible results in a single sentence.

Every word which Buonaparté speaks, and every line which he writes, or which is written for him, renders it necessary for those who wish to judge of their object and import, to recur perpetually to those axioms by which his politics are known to be guided.

The first axiom is, the destruction of the independence of Europe.

The second, to effect it, necessary, by War.

And the third, to finish by Peace the work of War, or to insure its success by degrading at once the conquered Power and her Allies.

I ask, then, if he could have taken any step more effectual to obtain the object which he had in view by Peace, than that which he declares himself to have taken, in his speech to the Legislative Body?

The Treaty of Tilsit has annihilated Prussia; this we have already placed beyond a doubt. It remained to degrade his powerful Ally, the Emperor of Russia, and for this Buonaparté has amply provided by the Treaty. At present, he is enjoying at Paris what he obtained at Tilsit, and he now declares to the world that the King of Prus-

sia would cease to exist, " without the friendship " with which the powerful Emperor of the North " has inspired him." This expression is inserted in his Speech for no other reason than to render the ignominy with which he seeks to cover the Emperor of Russia more conspicuous and glaring.

In the first place, Buonaparté treats the Emperor of Russia precisely as he treats all the Kings whom he has either subdued or created: he despoils him of the title by which he is recognized in Europe, and confers on him one which he never received but from himself. Thus he has, to the extent of his power, annihilated the Emperor in what he was, to create him anew in his own manner!

In the next place, it cannot be doubted that the Emperor of Russia is powerful, were it only for this—that he rules over the Russian Nation; it cannot be doubted that he is so, because this gallant people has never ceased to be powerful, loyal, and affectionate.

It must, however, be admitted, that, personally speaking, he never was less powerful than on the fatal day when not content with sacrificing his Ally, he enriched himself with his spoils, which he consented to receive from the hands of his conqueror. This is surely an act of weakness—and it is precisely in recording this act of weakness

that Buonnaparté honours the Emperor of Russia with the title of "powerful," merely to shew the world that he is so no longer!—So wide is the disagreement between the epithet "powerful" and that which is suggested by the recollection of the Treaty of Tilsit!

"The Emperor of Russia has inspired him with "a sincere friendship."—This is false, because this is absolutely impossible. On a point like this, all Europe will unite in rejecting the calumny, and justifying Alexander I.

Those who are acquainted with this Prince agree in affirming, that there are few more amiable, few of a more gentle and happy disposition, or blessed with a heart more essentially good. He appears to have mounted the throne in one of those dangerous periods when absolute authority was subjected to the most furious attacks, to teach the doubting Universe that this immense power is not unfrequently one of the choicest blessings which the Almighty bestows on his creatures.

Such was Alexander I on the day when he became acquainted with Buonaparté. He had then in him every thing necessary to ensure the love and affection of all mankind, but nothing calculated to obtain the friendship of Buonaparté. On the contrary, he had all that could inspire him with the most inveterate distrust. Accordingly,

he did inspire him with it in the most violent degree: and if ever the destruction of Alexander I was sworn, it was on the day when, having seen and judged him by himself, Buonaparté was enabled to foresee, that if it had been in his power to dispose of the present, he himself would have had no opportunity of regulating the destinies of the future. He saw in this Prince, at the very instant that he was taking so cruel an advantage of his influence over him, that he could only deceive him by artifices which would one day render him his most implacable enemy. He saw that this Prince continued to consult the public opinion upon every act of his Administration; and he must have clearly foreseen what opinions would prevail amongst a great people, whom no enemy has found it possible to degrade since the first manifestation of their pleasure to become one of the Powers of Europe.

Buonaparté saw the effect which this opinion would inevitably produce on the Emperor of Russia; he saw that the most absolute, the most powerful, and the most legally powerful Prince in Europe, found no pleasure in his boundless authority, but that of consulting the opinion of his people; and no real happiness, but that of complying with their wishes.

This is what he must have seen; and this is the

insurmountable barrier which the hand of the Almighty has placed between the heart of the Tyrant and that of Alexander I.

Yes, the Emperor of Russia is "powerful," not by what he did at Tilsit, but by the means he possesses of repairing the evil which was done there. He is "powerful," because he is at the head of a great and mighty people, who are convinced that the most serious misfortune which could befal them would be the loss of their Chief; and who, while they preserve him in undiminished integrity, stand in awe of no Power on earth. These are the true foundations of the "power" of Alexander I, and not that which he possesses of committing an error at Tilsit.

"A French Prince shall reign on the Elbe; "He will know how to conciliate the interests "of his new Subjects with the first and most "sacred of his duties."

This French Prince is Jerome Buonaparté, who, by way of parenthesis, is neither a Frenchman nor a Prince.

But, wherever he is to reign, it will not be amiss to inquire upon what terms he is about to take possession of his kingdom.

The "first and most sacred of his duties" is to sacrifice every thing to his elder brother. If this be not what Buonaparte meant to say, his language

is no longer intelligible. Assuredly this Jerome must be the ablest man of his age, if he has the skill to conciliate the interest of his future subjects with that of the elder Buonaparté: for the interest of that Buonaparté is, to extort from every Country which he rules, which he protects, or simply expresses a regard for, the last farthing, and the last man capable of bearing arms: his object is to exhaust the specie, and to sacrifice the inhabitants, in the support of a ferocious and frantic ambition.

The interest of the people of Westphalia is to preserve their money and their physical existence. If Jerome, as we have already observed, be sufficiently adroit to reconcile these jarring interests, without incurring the anger of the Tyrant in Chief, or immolating the unfortunate objects over whom he is made Ruler, he must be the ablest Politician that the world has yet seen.

No one accuses him of such an excess of self-love: undoubtedly he has not the most remote idea of it. His elder brother has need of harassing and draining, by measures of finance and conscription, all the countries which he has subdued, to employ the means in subjugating those which may yet resist him. He cannot do every thing himself. In France he acts by his Prefects, and in Europe by those unfledged Kings whom every year brings to light, and who, hatched in the warmth of revo-

lutionary dunghills, are merely the means and the elements of new revolutions.

Can any one seriously believe that, when Buonaparté compels a Prince to abdicate the title which the Constitution and the Laws had given him, to re-invest him with the name of King, he has any other object in view than that of degrading the Kings whom he cannot dethrone, by multiplying the titles which they bear? When he compelled a Duke of Wirtemburgh to declare himself King, he annihilated all the constitutional relations which connected that Prince with his people, and his peo- with him; since by virtue of this new title, he engaged him to break all the political laws of the territorities which were under his controul, and to annihilate the States of the Country.

In Saxony, too, he has forced the Elector to violate all his engagements towards his subjects. The laws of the Electorate prohibit the holding of offices by Catholics; and, from the instant that he became King of Saxony, he broke through the restraint of those laws.

It is thus that Buonaparté rends asunder the political connexion of States, of which he deranges and subverts all the ancient relations. He dethrones a Sovereign whom the law had crowned, and metamorphoses a legitimate Prince into a feeble and absurd Tyrant. And in this manner, by leaving

the Kings without People, and the People without Kings, he effects, at his pleasure, the destruction of the one, and the slavery of the other.

Thus he treats the Countries whose antient Sovereigns he yet permits to vegetate a few moments! With respect to those Countries which he delivers up to the controul of his relations and accomplices, he indulges them with a share of the plunder, as a reward for their zeal in the execution of his will.

Let any one now judge, whether beings of this description can possibly entertain an idea of "conciliating" any other interest than their own and those of their master.

"The House of Saxony has recovered, at the "end of fifty years, the independence which she "had lost."

The world cannot have forgotten, that when Buonaparté forced the King of Prussia into war, in 1806, he pretended that Saxony, enslaved by Prussia, was driven to take up arms contrary to her own inclinations, and that the object of his expedition was to deliver her from the Prussian yoke.

He well knew, that no person in Europe would give the least credit to an absurdity of this kind. Treaties, political relations, and an identity of interests, had bound Prussia to Saxony for more than half a century. For the King of Prussia to take

an unjust advantage of those ties, and convert them into chains, he ought, at least, to have menaced Saxony, to have covered her with soldiers, and, in a word, to have imitated Buonaparté when he afflicts a country with his alliance. Prussia was so far from adopting such measures, that she must submit to the eternal reproach of not having sufficiently attended to the defence of her Ally, and of having left Saxony open to all the insults of her enemy. It must be confessed, that this is rather a novel mode of subjecting her neighbours to her pleasure.

Buonaparté, then, could have no expectation of misleading any one, when, in 1806, he declared that Saxony was enslaved; since he was well aware of the impossibility of deceiving a single soul in a circumstance so notoriously untrue. But he knew the character of the Elector of Saxony, and was desirous of paving the way for his defection and submission, by benevolently and timely furnishing him with an apology, a pretext, for preserving his political existence, at the price of his honour and his duties.

This Prince, of a meek and peaceable disposition, is gifted with a passive and tranquil species of wisdom, admirable for other ages, and for other men than those with whom we are condemned to live.—A century ago, he would have made an ex-

cellent Prince; as the world is now circumstanced, he can only be deemed a weak and timid Sovereign, endued with all the courage of the most perfect resignation.

Nothing of this had escaped Buonaparté; and it was, therefore, for the Elector alone that this ridiculous fable, of the slavery of Saxony, was invented and propagated.

This fiction, however, it became necessary to maintain to the last, and the Legislative Body was, therefore, to be told that Saxony "had been "enfranchised!"

Let us now see how this "enfranchisement," has been effected.

First, the Elector of Saxony has been compelled to receive a crown from the hands of him who usurped the throne of his nephew. If we suppose him to have done this voluntarily, and of his own free will, what title shall we give him!!! But all Europe absolves him from so foul a crime. If he was forced to accept this crown, what then becomes of his "independence?"

Secondly, upon the first dismemberment of Germany, the Elector frankly declared that "his con-"science forbade him to receive, and his inclina-"tions to yield, any thing." If, then, he has now accepted a part of the dominions of his most intimate Ally, it becomes a question whether it was a

voluntary act; and if this be answered in the affirmative, what are we to understand by his "conscience?"—But he is well known to be truly and sincerely pious: he has then been compelled to receive the spoils of his Ally; and, in this case, where is his "independence?"

Thirdly, he refused, in 1805 and 1806, to become a Member of the Confederation of the Rhine: in 1807 he consents to it! By this alone, he is under the protection of Buonaparté, "Chief and "Protector" of that Confederation. If, then, he has accepted in 1807 what he rejected in 1806, where is his "independence?" And if he has done it of his own free will, he has then knowingly placed himself under the dependance of Buonaparté, for no one can be ignorant of what is meant by the protection of such a Tyrant.

Fourthly, the gift of the Duchy of Warsaw, and the Constitution which the Elector has accepted for that State, necessarily render the King of Saxony the enemy of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. We all know that he was elected King of Poland, in 1791; he is now made Duke of Poland, with a Constitution which leads, in the most direct manner, to that of 1791. Who does not see the object of this, or the point at which Buonaparté wishes to arrive?

Is it of his own free will that the Elector of

Saxony has accepted an envenomed present, which renders him the scourge of his neighbours, and the instrument of the Tyrant of Europe? Impossible; it cannot be; his principles and his character are well known; and there never existed a more cruel proof of dependance, than this metamorphosis of the Elector of Saxony into a revolutionary King—into an abettor of anarchy and rebellion!

Such is the political liberty which Buonaparté has given to Saxony, and such is the manner in which he has "enfranchised her from slavery!"—But there is yet an expression in this part of the Speech worth our notice. Buonaparté says, "the "House of Saxony has recovered its independence." The word "House" comprehends all the individuals of a family; and, in this respect, he has spoken the truth, as far, at least, as regards one of these individuals; but it may be reasonably doubted, whether this one has received her "independence" of any but God and her own heart.

It is known that Buonaparté had resolved on sacrificing the Princess Augusta, daughter of the Elector, to Jerome Buonaparté. The Princess refused,—death itself appeared less terrible to her than such a disgrace. Here, indeed, she made a most noble use of her independence! But I doubt much, whether it was of this that Buonaparté meant to boast before his satelites. And now, since the

subject has naturally led me to speak of those infamous unions which the Tyrant forces the Princes, his slaves, to contract with the individual of his family, I must seek ease for a moment, and give vent to that indignation which has too long and too cruelly weighed upon my heart.

This age, so horrible for prodigies of every kind of crime, has given birth to one unheard of and unknown till now. In all times there have been tyrants, usurpers, and fierce and rapacious conquerors. In the days of barbarism, the death of vanquished Princes sometimes followed close upon their defeat: the Romans chained them to the wheels of their triumphal cars, but at the close of this intolerable humiliation, they indulged them with a speedy death. It was reserved for this age, and for the subtle and malicious Tyrant of this age, to outgo all those who preceded him, by branding his victims with an indelible, an inexpiable mark of opprobrium, and by compelling them to live after he had thus dishonoured them! Not content with dethroning Kings, with rendering them his accomplices, with forcing them to rob and strip each other; and, covered with those shameful tatters, dropping with blood, and penetrated with ignominy, compelling them to wear on their breasts the effigy of their Tyrant, suspended to a ribbon, dyed in the blood of their subjects:—Not content

with all this, he seeks to pollute their dearest blood by the impure infusion of his own, and threatens them with those disgraceful alliances, in order that their shame may be beyond the remedy of chance or time, and the remembrance of it like hell-torments—at once terrible and eternal.

This dreadful species of punishment was unknown in the annals of history, and could only be put in practise in this age, and on the Princes whom this age has given us. A century sooner, and we should have seen the tragedy of Virginias renewed, and fathers plunge their daggers into the bosoms of their own daughters, to preserve them from pollution and disgrace. Our ancestors were not philosophers enough to submit to such infamies: now, alas! these abominable unions, which connect all the crowned heads of Europe with the obscure and guilty family of the most odious and the most ridiculous of Tyrants, are among the ordinary means of his system, of which the two leading maxims are—"Degrade and destroy." For the degradation his ingenious malignity could devise nothing more complete, more durable, more irritating for the people, or more criminal for their Rulers. It is but too evident that when a King voluntarily precipitates himself into a loathsome slough of this kind, his destruction is at the mercy of him, who, while he dishonours his victim, effectually extin-

guishes every spark of interest, which his misery might else have excited.

With the Kings of Europe, Buonaparté imitates the conduct of Tiberius towards the Roman virgins. He gives them up to be violated by the common executioner before he conducts them to the scaffold.

Would to Heaven that my readers had the curiosity to revolve in their own minds all that remains to us of the transactions of mankind since History first opened her instructive page.—They would find nothing to be compared to this horrible tyranny, but that of the *Minotaur*, to which Athens was annually obliged to send six of her noblest virgins to be slaughtered:—they were, indeed, slaughtered—but that was all. To see him, and to die, was at once the punishment, and the termination of the punishment. Yet, even then, there arose a Theseus, and the monster ceased to afflict the earth! In this age the cruelties are real, and the Theseuses are beings of fable or imagination. The labyrinth of the Thuilleries yet expects its victims, and it will not expect them in vain, while there remains a Princess in Germany.

"The people of the Duchy of Warsaw and the "City of Dantzic have recovered their country "and their rights."

In what is clear of this short sentence, there are

as many blunders as words; and, in what is left for us to divine, as many dangers as the most fertile imagination can conceive.

Let us discuss this enigma in its obvious sense, and in that of which it gives us a distant glimpse.

For the natives of Warsaw, and of the Duchy of Warsaw, there are no other laws than those which they enjoyed before the partition of Poland. Have they "recovered" those? And have their antient laws been now made in the Cabinet of Buonaparté? Did they stand in need of the sanction of a Corsican? At what period, or in what manner, did they call for it? And was the Napoleonian Code, which is now become their system of jurisprudence, among the laws of their country? The Poles, therefore, having recovered nothing of what they had lost, cannot be said to have "recovered" either "their laws or their "country:" consequently, the paragraph, in its obvious sense, is a falsehood, and a falsehood so glaring, that it becomes a mere absurdity.

Mark now what it conceals under its enigmatical sense.

It conceals the promise of revolutionizing the whole of Poland; of reclaiming, by violence, its scattered parts from the partitioning Powers; and of re-creating a new Poland in the common centre of their dominions.

See here what Buonaparté wanted—materials for a conflagration, and space for the foundations of a vast butchery, that he might be enabled, at his pleasure, to cover this portion of Europe with flames and blood!

Of a truth, there never existed a political crime of which the consequences have proved so fatal as those of the partition of Poland: *Inde mali labes.* When legitimate Sovereigns hold out the example of tyranny, pillage, and contempt of probity, can they, ought they to be astonished at the appearance of tyrants and usurpers? But the re-establishment of Poland, in the present circumstances of Europe, and in the way that Buonaparté meditates, would be a dreadful scourge for the Continent; and every Power in whom there is yet left one spark of forecast, or whose veins yet retain one drop of blood, should combine to prevent it. It is not for a Tyrant and a Usurper to restore a people to their legitimate rights; accordingly, Buonaparté has never entertained the most distant idea of it; but he is in want of central supports to extend the horrors of his tyranny, and of levers to enable him to effect in Russia what he is at this moment effecting in the South of Europe. Poland, thus revolutionized, is undoubtedly the most powerful engine with which Hell itself could supply him; and hence his sudden tenderness for the liberty

of the Poles! He wishes to be its author, that it may inclose in its bosom all the means of destruction which he is desirous of employing against Austria, Prussia, and Russia; and he wishes to be its Protector, that he may direct the employment of these means at his pleasure.

The Negotiations of Tilsit afforded him the opportunity of doing more injury to his enemies by Peace than he possibly could by War. He, therefore, granted Russia a degrading, and Prussia a destructive Peace; because the former was yet to subdue, and the latter had reached the termination of her political existence. Still faithful, however, to his system of paving the way to success in War by the very means of Peace, he created the Duchy of Warsaw—he talked to the inhabitants of their country and their rights, not with a view of restoring them, but with that of kindling an ardent expectation of them. He created the Duchy of Poland, to furnish the Russian and Austrian Poles with a lively remembrance of his promises, and an aliment for their hopes, that he might find them ready for a general insurrection, at the slightest signal. Thus the rights which he has bestowed on Poland are merely such as tend to make her one of the scourges of Europe, and the most active instrument of its ruin!

"All nations unite in one common expression

" of joy, to see the mischievous influence which " England exercised over the Continent destroyed " for ever."

Philo tells us, that Caligula, astonished at the elevation to which fortune had raised him, and still more astonished at the stupid patience of the Romans, judiciously concluded from it, that kings were gods or that the people were beasts! This Caligula is, without doubt, become a classic author for Buonaparté: without a supposition of this kind, how is it possible to explain the paragraph which we have just read?

Where are they—where are the nations which " rejoice " at the loss of the influence of England on the Continent?

To appreciate properly the unbounded joy which they must have felt at the loss of this influence, it will be previously necessary to examine its nature, as well as the prodigious advantages which have followed its cessation; adopting, for a moment, the absurd hypothesis that this influence is at an end, and reserving to ourselves the power of proving that it is indestructible in its nature, and that no one has contributed more to confirm and strengthen it than Buonaparté.

England is mistress of the seas; the ocean is her element, and here she is the preponderating and predominant Power. In virtue of these titles,

she is the centre of the public credit of the universe; and, by a natural consequence, the first of all commercial Powers. What she is, therefore, sufficiently explains to us what she ought to be for the Continent; and these relations, which have their origin in the force of things, can neither be broken nor destroyed.

The first commercial Power of the Universe ought to be the immediate protectress of the independence of Europe, because such a Power must naturally wish to enjoy the greatest possible degree of independence, and, at the same time, to extend and establish, in every direction, the ramifications of her immense commerce. Now, when the whole of the Continent shall be under the controul of the Tyrant, it is evident that a part of the commerce of England will be also under his controul. England fills her harbours and her warehouses with the productions of the four quarters of the world, not to consume them at home, but to pour them upon the rest of Europe. When Europe shall be in the hands of Buonaparté, England must depend on him for the circulation of her commerce; and this is what she cannot possibly submit to, while she has a guinea or a soldier left.

In ordinary times, when Europe, divided into independent States, maintained her political liberty by means of the general equilibriums, Eng-

land might, perhaps, entertain sentiments of jealousy towards this or that particular Power, and these sentiments may have been productive of wars. But when the independence of Europe is openly attacked, all partial jealousies are at an end. It is now no longer a question of reducing such or such a Power who aspires to dominion over the seas; but of maintaining the independence of the Continent, in order to preserve the political and commercial existence of England. Every Power, then, which wishes to resist the Tyrant, is the natural Ally of England; every People which aspires to shake off his yoke, has incontrovertible rights to the protection of England; and her wealth is, from that moment, no longer her own, but Europe's: for, in periods like these, the object is not to grow rich, but to exist.

Such, then, when the independence of Europe is in danger, is the policy of England; and it is even impossible for her to have any other, whoever may be her King, or whoever may be her Ministers, because her interests are openly discussed by her Representatives, and it is the public opinion which, in this Country, stamps the national character on the general measures of Government.

England may be accused, perhaps, of having done too little, and of not having timed that little

well.—These accusations are the province of history, and the tribunal which decides upon them must be posterity. But she will never be accused of abandoning the interests of the Continent altogether, because, it is impossible that she should abandon herself; and that the day in which she seeks to insulate herself from the fate of Europe, she would be effectually cut off from it, not by the hand of policy, but by that of death.

Thus, the influence of England consists in wishing to preserve a political independence on the Continent, without which Europe would be only one vast dungeon; and the happiness of Europe is, that the political existence of England is indissolubly attached, by the hand of the Almighty, to the political independence of the Continent.

What! is Europe become, in the gripe of her ferocious "protector," more abject, more degraded than a crew of galley slaves? They remain chained to the banks to which the master fastens them; they toil for him under the whip and the rod; but at least, no one has yet had the assurance to declare that a "universal joy" reigns among them, because their chains are firmly rivetted, and not a possibility remains of their ever being broken!

If there yet exists a gleam of happiness for Europe, it arises from the consideration that the influence of England cannot be destroyed there, and

that it does not even depend upon this Country to insulate herself from its destinies. This, I repeat it, is the only sentiment of happiness which Providence has permitted Europe to retain. The more Buonaparté makes himself known and felt there, the more apparent he renders the necessity of this influence: every prejudice is removed, every feeling of hatred is extinguished, by the paramount force of the most powerful of all hatreds, *that of the Tyrant*. Futurity, which is the proper province of politics, enters not into the consideration of despair. There is now but one system of politics in Europe, as there is but one thought—*the ruin of the Tyrant's power*. Heaven hears but one prayer, mankind offers up but one supplication—*the ruin of the Tyrant*. Kings dare no longer address themselves to any but the Almighty to obtain it; the people will, ere long, address themselves to one another to affect it; they already feel the necessity of it no less strongly than the desire. England is the sacred anchor for Europe, the sole remaining hope and stay; and it is Buonaparté himself who has established her influence there, and rendered it as powerful as indestructible.

" France is united to the people of Germany by
" the laws of the Confederation of the Rhine; to
" those of Spain and Italy, by the laws of our Fe-
" derative System."

How tremendous a *naiveté* has involuntarily escaped from lips little accustomed to such ingenuous avowals. It is, then, the lot of Germany, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, which Buonaparté has in reserve for those which he honours with the name of "States united to France!" —Yes; those States are united to France as dead bodies are united in a cemetery under the power of him who placed them there, and who keeps the keys of the inclosure! Assuredly, this opens a most happy prospect of futurity to those Powers whom he has not yet found means to "unite" to France! This time, at least, he has spoken out, and manifested no inclination to deceive the world.

And it is the master of all those countries where we see only Kings his slaves, or Kings his accomplices—it is the master of all those countries who pretend that the seas ought to be free! And why should they be free, if Europe is enslaved? Woe, woe to the world, if such a partition could take place! But, thanks to Heaven! it is impossible. He who rules over the sea would enjoy but a steril power if the Continent were in chains. To render his preponderance useful, the safety of Europe must be secured. The power of Buonaparté is that of death; that of England falls of itself, unless she preserves the existence of Europe: such is the striking difference between these two Powers!

" Our new connexions with Russia are ce-
" mented by the reciprocal esteem of those two
" great Nations."

There is an ambiguity of ideas here, which it is necessary to remove.

The esteem which Russia entertains for the French Nation, as well as that which France feels for the Russian Nation, is totally independent of Buonaparté. They may unite in the opinion which they have of him: and I am persuaded, that, in effect, they really are united in that opinion, which it is death to express in France, while it is openly manifested in Russia. But the esteem which these two Nations have for each other is not only not advantageous to Buonaparté, but would become dangerous to him if they were not separated by immense regions. All the ingenuity of Buonaparté is employed to identify himself with the French Nation; but he is identified with her in no other way than the executioner is identified with his victims!

Russia has had no opportunity of appreciating the French Nation, but by her bravery in the field; and, in this respect, she does her justice, by deploring the execrable use which she has made of it to the present day.

France has learned to estimate in the Russian Nation a quality which she herself possesses, and,

assuredly, in what relates to courage, she is an enlightened judge.

They are the only titles which support the reciprocal esteem of the two Nations; and it is not easy to discover what advantages can possibly be derived from them to Buonaparté.

Unquestionably, these two great Nations esteem each other; but the one obeys a legitimate master—the other is subjected to a tyrant. The natural result, therefore, of this esteem, on the part of the Russians, is to pity the French Nation, amidst all their admiration of her courage, for employing it in establishing over France the power of a Corsican, who can neither assure her a moment's repose, nor exist himself, without eternally employing her in disquieting and afflicting the Universe!

"In every thing which I have done, I have only "had in view the happiness of *my* people, which "is dearer to me than *my own glory*."

It would be paying too little respect to the good sense of Europe, to suppose that a phrase like this stood in need of any commentary. This expression, "my people," will never cease to be the astonishment of the universe. Gracious Heaven, how severe a chastisement! And the French heard this expression, "my people!" and he had power to repeat it a second time with impunity!

"I desire a Maritime Peace." Either this means

nothing, or it signifies, I desire to become by Peace the master of the seas, as I already am of the Continent by War and Peace.

The King of England may reply, " I desire a " Continental Peace. Buonaparté will say—" You " have it, since I am now master of the Continent, " and have given to the slavery which I have im- " posed on it the name of Continental Peace."— The same language should be retorted on Buonaparté respecting a Maritime Peace. " It already " prevails over every sea, since England is sole " mistress of the Ocean, and terms this dominion " a Maritime Peace!"

The expression, therefore, " I desire a Maritime " Peace," has, in reality, no sense. Buonaparté, however, understands himself, though he has not often the faculty of making himself understood by others. Let us endeavour to render him intelligible.

Buonaparté has one object, and one system to obtain that object. He varies his means but little, because (thanks to the weakness of Kings, and the incapacity of their Ministers) those means have always succeeded with him, and, consequently, he has found no necessity for changing them.

The object is to enslave Europe—the means are, to dishonour by peace, to destroy by war, and to deceive those whom he has not subdued, by par-

ticipations which degrade them, and by fallacious promises which he never fulfils till the very moment that he is enabled to annihilate those who received them. Thus he has just compelled the King of Prussia to pave the way for the ruin of the Emperor of Russia; and thus, too, he is now availing himself of the same means to facilitate the political fall of England.

Our Readers cannot have forgotten, that, in his conference with Lord Whitworth, he proposed to him the partition of the world. This expression, "I desire a Maritime Peace," is the resumption of that proposition. He wishes to insinuate, that there no longer exists, that there possibly can no longer exist, any war but a maritime one; that the influence of England is annihilated on the Continent; that she neither can nor ought to enjoy it any longer; and that she has nothing to treat for but a Peace on the Ocean.

Now, in a Peace of this nature, he will either propose arrangements destructive of the maritime power of England, or he will recur to his former proposition of dividing the world—the Seas to belong to England, and the Continent to Buonaparté.

Either of these two propositions will lead directly to the end which he has in view; that is,

to annihilate by Peace that Power which he has every where found invincible in the field.

The moment that England shall have laid down her arms without securing the independence of the Continent, or continuing to interest herself in its existence, she delivers it up, bound hand and foot, to the tyranny of Buonaparté. And, from that instant, amidst all the propositions which the Tyrant may offer her, nothing will remain for England, but to choose between sudden death and one more or less slow.—IF SHE SUFFERS HER MARITIME RIGHTS TO BE BROKEN IN UPON, HER DEATH WILL BE ACCELERATED; if she contents herself with being merely a Maritime Power, unconnected with the Continent, her death, though slower, will be no less certain. Such is the fatal circle into which Buonaparté seeks to draw her! and such are the reasons why, in speaking of England, he expresses no desire but for a Maritime Peace! These words, alone, lay down the basis of this Peace, and impress it with the character which he earnestly labours to give it—a Peace that shall for ever estrange England from the Continent! this is the very life and soul of his system.

It is clear, that a Peace of this description would be more useful to Buonaparté than twenty years of War, since he would obtain by it more than he

could ever hope, in his most sanguine moments, to procure by War.

The day that England shall detach herself from the interests of the Continent, that day, come when it will, she also detaches herself from the care of her own existence, and every succeeding hour will bear witness to her decay.

This momentous truth, if we do not deceive ourselves, has been fully demonstrated in the preceding pages. It would be superfluous to recur again to the proof. It is sufficient to have briefly developed, in this place, the wish of the Tyrant, and his means for obtaining his object.

" No resentment whatever influences my de-
" terminations."

He also was a Corsican, as history informs us, he, who strangled the infant Don Carlos, and who, while twisting the halter about his neck, said to him, " I ask your Royal Highness's par-
" don; what I do is solely for your good; bear
" no ' resentment ' against me, for I mean you
" no harm!"

" I never shall entertain any 'resentment' against
" a Nation the sport and victim of the Parties
" which tear her to pieces, and deceived respect-
" ing the situation of her own affairs as much as
" on that of her neighbours."

In this passage there are as many mistakes as

words. Most assuredly, if Buonaparté had the least faith in the accuracy of the picture which he has drawn of England, he would not amuse himself with insulting her by his language—he would find a pleasure more grateful to his heart, in devouring her, in massacreing the English, in plundering them, and in covering this happy country with flames and blood.

But these grotesque paintings are calculated for dumb legislators, whose faculties rapacity and terror have congealed, and for a people of whose stupidity Buonaparté is convinced, because he has enslaved them and they yet suffer him to live!

In countries where true liberty has established her power, parties are always to be found, because it is the natural property of liberty to give birth to a variety of opinions, of which she permits and encourages the display. If ever parties shall cease to exist in England, and a gloomy silence betray their annihilation, it will be only because liberty is no more. There will then be no longer Englishmen, and the country will become the tomb of her children!

The law watches incessantly in England, to prevent parties from ever degenerating into factions, because the existence of the former assures the duration of the English Constitution, while that of the latter is only conducive to the protection of mon-

sters! Faction is the cradle of the Buonapartés, present and to come.

If there were factions in England, there would be allies of Buonaparté; for the characteristic of faction is to sacrifice every thing to the hatred of the opposite factions. Faction aspires to domineer, to destroy her enemies, and is little solicitous of what aid she may be reduced to avail herself for the attainment of this detestable object.

But parties are only divided by opinions; and those opinions are only divergent because the means of arriving at the same object do not appear equally convincing to every mind. But if parties vary on the choice of the means, they have a common center of unity in the object to which they equally tend: whenever danger, therefore, threatens the State, all parties surcease their disputes, and the hatred of the common enemy triumphs over every diversity of opinion.

Should a tyrant usurp absolute power in England, there would then be factions; for the law, being destroyed by the usurpation, could not (and, indeed, ought not, if she could) interfere to prevent their existence.

Factions are the instruments of vengeance and death; it is in their bosom that plots and conspiracies are matured and brought to light; they

are the resource of the oppressed, the arms of an enslaved people; and, when the laws no longer maintain their force, they are the appeal of a nation to the judgment-seat of God; silence environs them, darkness covers them, despair vivifies and rekindles them from their ashes

It is for these reasons that there are factions in France, which will continue to exist there as long as the Tyrant himself shall live. It is for these reasons, too, that there are none in England, where we only find parties, of which the salutary agitations convey to the people the sentiment of their liberty and the assurance of their independence. If factions existed there, then, indeed, England, as Buonaparté says, "would be equally deceived re-"specting the situation of her own affairs and that "of her neighbours."

This picture, applied to France, is luminous with truth; applied to England, it is perfectly ridiculous.

Factions conspire and are silent, but they strike with deadly force, and it is only then that they burst forth to view.

Parties discuss; they shew themselves openly; they follow, in their debates, the dispositions of the law, which equally protects them all; and in the very heat and fire of their discussions, they

still keep their eyes fixed on the law, and bend submissive to her voice the instant its sound reaches their ears.

It is thus that all the interests of the British Nation are incessantly placed before the eyes of the people; it is thus that is forged and sharpened that most powerful, that most tremendous weapon, which alarms and terrifies her enemies, public opinion, national opinion! In this manner it is formed; in this manner alone can it be formed; and the happy consequence is, that England can neither be subdued by war, nor by the infamy of a shameful peace.

How is it possible for England to be "ignorant "of the situation of her own affairs?" If one Party were desirous of plunging her into this disgraceful state of ignorance, another Party would instantly find its advantage in enlightening her. And who would dare to impose silence upon it? In England, there are no other prisons than those of the law: there, those Mamelukes who strangle the victims of tyranny in dungeons, and those assassins who shoot them in the wood of Vincennes, are equally unknown!

How is it possible for England to be "ignorant "of the situation of Europe, and the projects of "her neighbours," when those neighbours manifest their designs by their actions, and there does

not exist at this day, even in Asia, or in Africa, a country which is not well informed that Europe, inundated with blood and covered with slaves, is become the prey of a single tyrant!

England would resemble the picture which Buonaparté has drawn of her, the day he should invade her as a conqueror. Then parties would expire, and factions spring up; then, and not till then, these factions, which would now be punished by the law, would themselves become the safeguard of the law, as they are in France, and as they will continue to be till the moment they shall precipitate the Tyrant into the tomb!

" Frenchmen, your conduct during the late pe-
" riod, when your Emperor was more than five
" hundred leagues removed from you, has aug-
" mented my esteem and the opinion which I have
" conceived of your character."

To say the truth, this " conduct " must have naturally led Buonaparté to conclude that the patience of the French was inexhaustible, and not to be affected or subdued by time or absence!

" If, during these ten months' absence, I have
" been present to your thoughts, the marks of love
" which you have given me have constantly ex-
" cited my most lively emotions.—All my cares,
" nay, even those which seemed connected with
" the safety of my own person, only affected me

" by the interest which you took in them, and by " the influence which they might possibly have " on your future destinies.—*You are a good and* " *great People!*"

" If we could open the hearts of tyrants," says Tacitus, " we should discover by what torments " they are racked and torn. As the body is man- " gled by the lash of the executioner, so their " hearts are lacerated by their cruelty and their " fury." How inimitable a painter! Twenty ages have taken nothing from the force and colouring of the original. Look at Buonaparté, and read this passage, where he thanks *his* people for their patience, and felicitates himself on the incredible prodigy of his existence! But, in all his Speeches, he cannot avoid thrusting in some phrase too ridiculous to be possibly reached by any one but himself.—" You are a great and good people!!!" The Arabs of the Desart, when they cross their vast solitudes, have a camel taller and stronger than all the rest, which is loaded with the most enormous burthens. When he kneels down under the iron rod of his driver, that he may overload him at his pleasure, and that the poor docile animal rises at the shaking of this same rod, and moves forward at his bidding, the driver calls his camel " a great " and good fellow traveller!!!"

" I have erected various Imperial Titles, to give

" a new splendour to the principal of my subjects,
" and to honour signal services by signal rewards,
" and thus to prevent the return of all feudal titles
" incompatible with our Constitutions."

To " prevent the return of feudality by re-
" erecting the titles of feudality!" This, I apprehend, is equivalent to destroying a thing by preserving it, which is neither more nor less than an absurdity.

But Buonaparté is correct, in another sense. He destroys feudality in the very way that he destroys Kings, by degrading it, and giving to the most abject of mankind the titles which the ancient feudality had created. It would be curious to run over the history of this rabble of Dukes, Grand Dukes, Princes, and Kings, the creation of the Tyrant, were it only to compel Europe to become acquainted with the wretched state of degradation to which patience and abject meanness have reduced her! We have little doubt but that this will form the subject of some future Work, and, assuredly, that work will not be unuseful.

We shall content ourselves with introducing two of these August Personages to the reader's acquaintance; the first, Cardinal Fesch, *Prince Primate of Germany;* the second, Prince Murat, *Grand Duke of Berg*, because he was the only one whom Buonaparté admitted to the dinners which

he gave, at Tilsit, to the Emperor of Russia, as a proof, without doubt, *of the sincere friendship with which that Monarch had inspired him!* *

It is now about fifteen months since that a Monsieur Huet, Secretary of the Præfecture of Nantes, was arrested and conducted to the Temple, because, upon hearing it said that Pius VII was about to resign the Sovereign Pontificate, and Cardinal Fesch to succeed him, this same Monsieur Huet, formerly a "*pure*" Jacobin, cried out "Impossible; it is "impossible!"

He was asked why he believed such an event impossible? "Because," said he, "I never knew, "in the course of my life, so stupid and impious "a wretch as Cardinal Fesch. My Regiment, in "1793, was in Provence; Fesch was at that time "a Member of the Jacobin Society there. A Re- "solution was passed to exterminate the Priests "who persisted in refusing the oath, and, among "the rest, one who said mass in a parish church "not far from the city.

"The Jacobins named three Deputies to seize "this Priest, and Fesch insisted upon being one

* It was apparently to make the full value of this "friend- "ship" felt, that Buonaparté had the delicate and affecting attention to send Caulincourt to receive the Emperor of Russia when he crossed the Niemen, that the first Frenchman he perceived might be one of the murderers of the Duke d'Enghien.

" of them. He marched at the head of five hun-
" dred men, with a view of surrounding the
" church.

" We missed the Priest; but the troops en-
" tered the church, and committed there every
" species of excess that fury and debauchery could
" suggest. After some time, we began to inquire
" among ourselves what pledges of attachment
" each of us had given to the Revolution; and
" each of us recounted the crimes which he had
" committed.

" Fesch said nothing: at length he was inter-
" rogated—' And you, F—— of a shaveling! what
" ' pledges have you given to the Revolution?'—
" ' I have, in the first place, taken the oath; in
" ' the second, abjured the Catholic Religion.'—
" ' Pshaw! this is nothing.'—' No,' replied he;
" ' then wait a moment.' He instantly mounted
" upon the communion table, and ——————."
Shame arrests my pen. I cannot describe the sacrilege of this miscreant without becoming, in some measure, soiled with it. Such is the Prince Primate of Germany, and the successor of Pius VII!

The Grand Duke of Berg and Juliers, who dined with the Emperor of Russia at Tilsit, has, himself, given us his history, in the letter which he wrote to the Jacobins, entreating them to give him leave to change his name of Murat into that of Marat,

" in order to perpetuate," said he, " the remem-
" brance of so great a man!"

" My father," continued he, " perished the
" victim of Royal tyranny." This father, a petty inn-keeeper of Cahors, was executed at Valence for murder. (This is what he calls being " a vic-
" tim of Royal tyranny!") For himself, he assumes the appellation of " a poor soldier, a " true " sans culotte," and he concludes with assuring the Society, that " his wife is also a sans culotte *in* " *heart and soul.*" Such was Murat!!!

It must be admitted, that the Pope Fesch, and the Grand Duke Murat, are truly worthy of being the " principal Subjects " of Buonaparté; that they have " rendered him services " worthy of themselves and of him; and that, in effect, the titles which he has conferred upon them are so far from re-creating feudality, that they plunge the recollections of it in mire and filth, and imprint on the dignities which he revives the indelible ridicule of the beings decorated with them!

" The Accounts of my Minister of Finance,
" and of the Public Treasure, will inform you of
" the prosperous state of our finances. My people
" will experience a considerable reduction of the
" tax on landed property."

" My Minister of the Interior will inform you
" of the works begun or finished; but what re-

" mains to be done is still more important; for " I intend that, in every part of my Empire, even " in the smallest cottage, the comforts of the citi- " zens, and the value of their estates, should be " found augmented by the general system of ame- " lioration which I have in view."

It is thus that Buonaparté parodies history!— Behold, in Corsican language, the commentary of that saying of Henry IV. " I intend that every " peasant in my dominions shall have a fowl in " the pot."

This unaffected expression was sublime in the mouth of a great King; it came warm from the heart. It is ineffably ridiculous in the mouth of a Tyrant, who, in usurping the Throne of Henry IV, has inundated France with blood, has ravaged and covered her with dungeons. The murderer of the Duke d'Enghien is as atrocious as ridiculous, when he presumes to appropriate to himself the sentiments of Henry IV. But this Corsican, who dares to call the people of Henry the Great *his* people, believes himself the heir of his thoughts, as he is persuaded he is of his sceptre! The day of retribution, will, however, arrive; when all France will avenge, on the head of the Tyrant, the outrages which he has equally lavished on Henry IV, and on that great nation which Henry the Great so tenderly and so constantly loved.

Let us now examine, in detail, the contents of this paragraph.

Statements of finance which no one can discuss without being strangled by a Mameluke, are idle romances with which a Tyrant amuses his accomplices.

The opulence of the finances of Buonaparté's Generals is not doubted; but the people are too well informed of the distress of the Public Treasury. Their deep-felt misery speaks to them, on this subject, in a most convincing manner. And what, then, are the sources of the "national opu-"lence?" Buonaparté has dried them all up. What are the new sources which he has opened? Shall we say, the plunder of the conquered countries? But the expences of the war have devoured them—less, it is true, than the robberies of the Agents and Generals; but, in fine, the devastation of Europe has not reimbursed the sums which it cost to ruin her.

Commerce is annihilated in all its branches, workshops are deserted, manufactures abandoned, bankruptcies continual: all this indicates more surely the real state of the finances, than the falsehoods of a Minister who is paid to lie, and who lies with impunity before a people whom terror has rendered mute.

The scandalous luxury of a tyrant is no proof

of the properous state of the finances; it only serves to lay open the primary cause of their ruin: and this unfeeling, this barbarian pomp of a Usurper, revelling alone, and in the bosom of voluptuous and soft delights, on the blood and tears of a people, announces only the inconceivable patience, the lassitude, the slumber of a nation, and the audacity of a Tyrant, who flatters himself that this slumber of a great and injured people is that of death!

But what will not Buonaparté believe? The intoxication of success has completely alienated his senses. If it be doubted, let any one read the speeches which he makes, and those which he has the courage to hear: let any one read that of Fontanes. A day will come when this same Fontanes will prove, that it was impossible to render the Tyrant more odious than by shewing Europe with what mean, what despicable flatteries his vanity might be regaled; and that to lay open his plans, under the form of an eulogium, was the only service which a slave, compelled to offer incense to such a tyrant, could perform for mankind! Such, I am convinced beforehand, was the object of M. Fontanes.

But what will not Buonaparté believe? Does he not imagine that his official Journals are already become, in his hands, the oracles of public

opinion? Does he not consign to them every Sovereign who displeases him, every private man who has the honour of meriting his hatred?

Does he not believe that the abuse which he bestows, or which he makes others bestow, imprints a mark of disgrace, as if it were in his power to honour or dishonour?—Undoubtedly, he dishonours; but, happily, only those whom he intends to honour, those, for example, whom he covers with his ribbands! But he honours those whom he outrages and insults: the marks of his hatred will one day be the titles with which a just and grateful posterity will decorate the remembrance of those whom he has murdered, or persecuted with vindictive fury.

Doubtless, in reading these lines, he has already devoted to death the hand which traces them, AND WHICH HE RECOGNIZES: but if he were the master of the universe, who would wish to preserve life? It would be then that we should say to him with truth: *Vitam miseriorem, te principe, quam sub te imperatore, mortem!*

THE END.

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